Martha R Warren
From Mrs Hannah M James
Rowley, Oct 26/60

THE

CONTRAST:

A NOVEL.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

E. S. VILLA-REAL GOOCH.

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CHAP. I.

THESE ladies continued to be as much together as formerly, and time appeared to have almost obliterated the remembrance of Lord

Darnley, when a circumſtance interfered, that was laudable in its cauſe, but moſt pernicious in its effect. Lady Jane had (as I before obſerved) neglected mentioning to her huſband the promiſe ſhe had made him, of ſometimes viſiting his daughter. Her time had indeed been ſo much taken up with other engagements, that ſhe had not yet found a leiſure hour to attend to it. She however one morning felt a ſtrong inclination to ſee the child; ordered the carriage, and went to Paddington. She found the little cherub looking perfectly well,

and

and ſtaid with it above an hour. She then deſired the nurſe would make Miſs Darnley, and herſelf, ready to accompany her; that ſhe would take them for an airing a little farther on the road, and ſet them down on her return.

They had not proceeded half a mile, before they were met by Mrs. Martindale's carriage, who was in it, with her old man. They both ſtopped; and Mrs. Martindale, giving a ſignificant look at her huſband, obſerved, *How extremely odd it was,*

that they ſhould meet by accident on the ſame road. Her eyes were inſtantly directed to the nurſe and child; and both of them appearing in deep mourning, did not leave a doubt who they were. She propoſed their returning in Lady Jane's coach, and ſending back their own; which was complied with. Her motive for doing this, was to diſcover where the child lived. But in that ſhe was diſappointed; Lady Jane having determined at that moment to take it to Argyle Street. She therefore ordered the coachman to drive there, telling the nurſe ſhe would

would ſend them ſafe back in the evening.

As ſoon as ſhe returned home, ſhe ſent the nurſe into the Steward's room, and, taking the child in her arms, went into Mr. Martindale's dreſſing-room, and begged leave to introduce a ſtranger to his acquaintance, the infant daughter of Lord Darnley. She ſaid this with a viſible confuſion, which aroſe in conſequence of feeling herſelf obliged to relate the circumſtance of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Martindale, without

which it was poſſible for him to ſurmiſe that he would not have been informed of her viſit. He took but little notice of the ſmiling girl, who was in the evening reconducted with her nurſe, to the place of their deſtination.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

THE gentle Miſs Stuart became every day more attached to Glencairn, while Mr. Courtenay, an intimate acquaintance of her father's, was as paſſionately in love with her. Mr. Courtenay was a gentleman of Ireland, of conſiderable fortune, but deſcended from an obſcure family, and many years older than Miſs Stuart. Yet ſuch was the nature of Mary, that theſe diſadvantages, had even the want of money been annexed to

them, would have been no impediment to her union with him, had her father wiſhed it, and her affections been diſengaged. But ſhe cheriſhed the flatterer, Hope. She believed all that it ſuggeſted, and ſhe really thought that ſhe ſhould yet ſee the day, when Glencairn would renounce his attachment, of which ſhe was no longer uncertain as to the object. Alas! the roſes began once more to fade on her lovely cheek; her ſpirits gradually forſook her; and her father, perceiving both, at length tenderly queſtioned her.

He

He mentioned Glencairn, and entreated to be informed of the ſituation of her mind, reſpecting him.

Miſs Stuart's heart repoſed on the boſom of this indulgent father; ſhe acknowledged to him her attachment for Glencairn; but ſhe aſſured him, that ſhe poſſeſſed too much pride ever to ſuffer that attachment to overcome her reaſon. She had obſerved an indifference in his manner towards her, that had conſiderably augmented ſince their return to England; and ſhe was determined

rather to ſacrifice her peace for ever, than to conſent, were he even to urge it, to owe the happineſs of being his, to a ſentiment of pity only, with which ſhe might inſpire him. Glencairn's heart was, ſhe was well aſſured, devoted to another. She did not wiſh to diſavow that *he* alone would ever remain the object of her moſt fervent affections; but ſhe would never owe the gratification of indulging them to the chance that deprived him of poſſeſſing that more fortunate woman, and to a ſentiment that muſt render her acceptance of

him

him deſpicable in her own eyes, and ſtill more ſo in her father's.

Sentiments ſuch as theſe could not fail to ſtrengthen in Colonel Stuart, that opinion of his lovely daughter, which had hitherto fallen little ſhort of adoration. He coincided in all ſhe ſaid, and gloried in the accompliſhment of his wiſhes. For what wiſh could be ſo dear to him, as that of ſeeing his Mary, though ſtruggling with ſtrong paſſions, heroic enough to ſubdue them? He preſſed her to his boſom, and

assured her, that he preferred her happiness to every worldly consideration; but that there was *one* beyond the limits of this life, which hung heavy on his mind. He alluded to the period of his own existence, which from the course of nature, and his now habitual complaints, was not likely to be prolonged many years. To see his Mary settled, was to ensure a happy termination of his days; to leave her without a protector, would embitter his last moments, the approach of which he wished to meet without a pang, as they hastened

tened him to a re-union with her angelic mother!

As he uttered the laſt ſentence, the tears quivered in his expreſſive eyes, and gently forced their paſſage down his venerable cheeks. Mary felt the weight of his argument, but could not command reſolution enough to ſay ſhe would accept the thrice-proffered hand of Mr. Courtney: ſhe conjured the Colonel never to mention the ſubject of their converſation to any one; and ſhe ſtill hoped, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe might be at length

enabled to eradicate from her mind thoſe ideas which ſhe had hitherto ſo raſhly and ſo fondly entertained. But ſhe did not tell him ALL ſhe thought; her heart had made its election, and ſhe knew that every endeavour would be vain to contend againſt it. She inwardly determined to cheriſh the remembrance of Glencairn, and, leaving the chance of their future union to himſelf, ſhe in ſecret reſolved never to enter into an engagement that might on her ſide impede it.

It was impoſſible for Glencairn to be ignorant of the attachment he had inſpired, neither did he attempt to appear ſo. He deeply lamented it, and, with a candour ſeldom practiſed among elegant young men, he aſſured Colonel Stuart that his friendſhip for the lovely Mary exceeded even the bounds of brotherly love. He wiſhed, he ſaid, for the ſake of his own peace, and he believed he might without vanity include that of Mary alſo, that his heart had not been entangled in a fatal attachment, from whence he

was never likely to derive a hope of happineſs; he added, that he had too delicate a ſenſe of honour to offer her his hand, while he had not a heart to beſtow with it. Miſs Stuart, he juſtly obſerved, merited the firſt offerings of the pureſt. How could he propoſe to make her wretched, by endeavouring to unite her to a man who had it not in his power to forget another; and for whom his love was ſo criminal, that at the ſame time he owned it to his friend, he felt a degree of remorſe at leaſt equal to it?

Colonel Stuart ſincerely pitied, and endeavoured to ſooth him, for he too had once felt the force of an irreſiſtible attachment. He propoſed their immediately returning to Scotland, where time, diſtance from the beloved object, and the growing affections of Mary, might poſſibly lead him to a recovery of his reaſon. "Alas," replied Glencairn, "how "can I expect the continuance of "your too generous regard? Were "I to return with you to that ſeat "of innocence and virtue, ſhould I "not inſult the feelings of your an-

"gelic

" gelic daughter? Should I not carry
" with me there the wound that
" *Lady Jane Martindale* has made in
" my peace?—Yes, my dear Sir, you
" are entitled to my confidence, and
" you ſhall wholly poſſeſs it. It
" was *ſhe* who firſt inſpired me with
" love; to *her* I am determined to
" devote my exiſtence; and for her
" ſake alone, I will forego the hap-
" pineſs that flattering fortune has
" placed within my view. I will
" bid an everlaſting adieu to the all-
" faſcinating Mary: I will pray to
" Heaven that ſhe may fix her choice
" on

" on a more fortunate man; and " that ſhe may forget, yes, for ever " forget, the one who now relin- " quiſhes, becauſe he feels himſelf " unworthy of her."

Colonel Stuart liſtened with aſtoniſhment to the confeſſion he had heard; and when he reflected that Glencairn's ſole dependence was on himſelf, his heart was filled with the fondeſt eſteem for his character. Souls, he ſaid, ſuch as thoſe of Glencairn and his daughter, were ſurely paired in heaven. Earthly viciſſitudes

tudes might for a time ſeparate, but never could wholly diſunite them; and his mind, ſanguine as Mary's, ſtill preſaged a certainty of future felicity. But, from Glencairn, nothing could be at preſent expected. When Colonel Stuart ſaw that he was bent in following his fate, he inſiſted, in token of their mutual friendſhip, as well as of the tender regard he bore to the memory of his deceaſed father, that he ſhould accept from him a ſmall annuity of one hundred pounds; and he extorted from him a promiſe, that ſhould

he

he perceive any alteration in his ſentiments reſpecting Lady Jane Martindale, that he would return to him as his ſon. To ſpare the delicacy of Mary, it was neceſſary to invent ſome plauſible ſtory; and they agreed to inform her, that unforeſeen buſineſs relative to a friend in Scotland (whom they named) would detain Glencairn longer in London, than it would be convenient for the Colonel to ſtay there. She received the intelligence with leſs ſurpriſe than they expected, and her father ſignified to her his intention of returning

turning to Allanbank the week following.

On the evening before they were to ſet out, they all appeared alike affected at their approaching ſeparation. Glencairn knew too well his influence over the heart of Mary, not to dread that her feelings would be overpowered by it; and he mentioned as by chance to the Colonel, before her, that he hoped to join them in Scotland within a month. While he ſpoke, he caſt a ſide-look at Miſs Stuart; he ſaw her colour change,

change, and the tears which ſhe vainly endeavoured to ſuppreſs, run down her cheeks. He haſtily called for a candle; pretended a drowſineſs he was never farther from feeling, and roſe to take his leave. He kiſſed Miſs Stuart with the moſt fervent affection; preſſed the Colonel's hand to his heart; and a tear fell on it: he ſoftly articulated the word *farewell*—and retired to his bed-chamber, where he threw himſelf on the ſofa, and indulged the effuſions *of a heart torn by anguiſh and deſpair*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

GLENCAIRN remained near an hour in this ſtate of agonizing reflection, and was at length rouſed from it by hearing Colonel Stuart and his daughter retire to their apartments. He had been reflecting ſeriouſly on his preſent ſituation, and on every thing that had paſſed; but above all, on the fatherly tenderneſs he had ever experienced from Colonel Stuart, and the recent proof of it; on the ſincere affection of his lovely

lovely daughter;—on the ſituation of Lady Jane Martindale—*a married woman!*—on the diſſipated courſe of life ſhe led;—the cold indifference with which ſhe appeared to receive his laſt viſit;—and the hints that had been given him, which gained ground every day, and appeared to taint the purity of her character. All theſe conſiderations darted like a ray of light on his bewildered mind, and he formed the RESOLUTION to throw himſelf at the ſame moment at Colonel's Stuart's feet, and to implore from him the hand

of his daughter. It was a ſudden and a violent deciſion, that admitted not of reflection. He dreaded to meet with oppoſition from his heart, ſhould he conſult it; he was no ſtranger to its weakneſs, and he felt that it required all his fortitude to enable him to accompliſh his preſent purpoſe. Fired by the momentary impulſe, he went to the door of Colonel Stuart's apartment, and gently knocking there, requeſted admiſſion, and attention to what he had to communicate.

The

The Colonel was not in bed; he had juſt riſen from his knees, where it was his nightly cuſtom to proſtrate himſelf before his God, in fervent meditation. He was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at ſeeing Glencairn, who had not yet begun to undreſs, and who, apologizing for his intruſion, proceeded to ſupplicate that he might find in him the tender advocate, not the inflexible judge.

He then told him that the purport of his nocturnal viſit was to implore once more his farther protection

and advice. He begged that he would aſſiſt him to follow his own example, and point out to him the path of rectitude which ſhould direct him to ſhun the dangerous practices of a world he had already reaſon to ſuppoſe a deceitful one. He aſſured him, that he had ſeriouſly pondered on the ſentiments of his heart, and was convinced that on the exertions of his reaſon his future happineſs depended. He was now determined to purſue that line of conduct that would be moſt pleaſing to his friend and benefactor, and was

come

come to entreat his permiſſion to return with him to Scotland; where he doubted not but reaſon would ſoon teach him to overcome a mad attachment, of which he had ſeen the folly, and was therefore reſolved to ſubdue.

Colonel Stuart learned with rapture this happy aſſurance of his pupil's return to virtue; and ſo indulgent was this excellent man to thoſe failings he had never known, that he would have conſidered himſelf the author of his deſtruction, had he not

accepted his proffered repentance. How many virtuous minds are deſtroyed by the want of this indulgence! and how much more laudable is it in a parent, or a friend, to draw a veil over the faults of youth, than to expoſe them in the face of day, and, inſtead of diminiſhing, augment them by their unkindneſs! What a contraſt to thoſe characters is ſuch a man as Colonel Stuart! He might be juſtly deſcribed as poſſeſſing a thouſand virtues, without a ſingle fault; or, if he HAD a fault, it proceeded from the unbounded benevolence

lence of his heart, which taught him to view mankind in general with an eye of affection, of which few were deſerving. But though he had experienced like others the poiſonous effects of ingratitude, he had not yet learned to think ill even of thoſe who had proved themſelves unworthy of having known him. His houſe, his heart, and his purſe, were alike extended to all; and it was fortunate for himſelf, and his family, that he was a ſtranger in the gay world, where he muſt have inevitably fallen a prey to the deſigning.

His way of life was ſuited to his ſituation and circumſtances, and that life was ſpent in doing good.

It is no wonder, then, that Glencairn, who poſſeſſed his moſt tender regard, ſhould not meet with any difficulty in perſuading him of the ſtability of his inclinations. They parted for the night under the moſt comfortable ſenſations; the one, ſatisfied that he had acted up to his duty; the other, that he had ſaved a generous mind from perdition. Colonel Stuart fancied that he had ſnatched

Glen-

Glencairn from the edge of a precipice; and Glencairn fancied that he had ſubdued every blameable propenſity—Alas, poor human nature!

CHAP. IV.

WHEN Miſs Stuart roſe in the morning, ſhe was ſurpriſed at finding that Glencairn was to accompany them. Her heart rejoiced, as ſhe interpreted this change in his intentions to the impoſſibility he found of leaving her. Their journey was a pleaſant one; it was wholly undiſturbed by care or regret, for ſhe had left nothing in London that could tempt her to wiſh even to return there. But her ſenſibility was painfully

fully tried, when ſhe firſt beheld Allanbank. The old houſe-keeper, who had lived there ever ſince the Colonel's marriage, welcomed her home with unfeigned joy. She conducted her towards the apartment that had been formerly her late miſtreſs's; but when they approached the door of it, Miſs Stuart gave a faint ſhriek, and fainted in her arms. The worthy Mrs. M'Kenzie was alarmed, but would not open the ill-cloſed wounds of her venerable maſter's heart, by making him witneſs a ſcene that ſhe knew would be only

momentary. She returned to the room where ſhe had left the gentlemen, and giving an expreſſive look at Glencairn, he inſtantly followed her. She conducted him up ſtairs, where they found Miſs Stuart attended by a houſe-maid, and beginning to recover. Glencairn flew to ſupport her with the tendereſt care. She raiſed her fine eyes, firſt to Heaven, as if to invoke the ſainted ſpirit of her mother, and then turned them with ineffable ſweetneſs upon him; he felt all that ſhe would expreſs, and his feelings were worked

up

up to the higheſt pitch of grateful enthuſiaſm. He involuntarily dropped on one knee before her, and taking her hand in his, he ſupplicated the Almighty to ſtrengthen him in his reſolution, that he would never, never forſake her! He aroſe when he had uttered this prayer. It came from the inmoſt receſſes of his heart, and had been pronounced in too awful a manner for him to retract it; neither would he have done ſo at that moment, for the poſſeſſion of Lady Jane Martindale herſelf. Miſs Stuart had heard the

bleſſed

bleſſed ſound; it ſunk from her ear to her heart; ſhe received, and cheriſhed it there, as an old friend whom ſhe had been long expecting, and who was at length returned to forſake her no more.

She was now enabled to look over her apartment with more compoſure. Her piano-forte had been placed there by the Colonel's order, that ſhe might be reconciled to the ſight of it. Glencairn went for his flute, and they paſſed an hour in that happy harmony proceeding from the

union of ſouls. When alone, Glencairn took the opportunity of offering his hand and heart to Mary. With what modeſt joy did ſhe accept the tender aſſurances of both! She longed to ruſh into her father's arms, and tell him of her promiſed felicity; but virgin delicacy laid a reſtraint on her inclinations, and ſhe left to Glencairn the bleſſed taſk of making him happy; for ſhe well knew that his heart, like her own, had been long ſet on their union. He was not leſs anxious than herſelf to impart their converſation to the Colonel,

nel, which he did not however find an opportunity of doing, till after Miſs Stuart had left them for the night.

Colonel Stuart received the declaration with an air of reſerve that ſurpriſed Glencairn, and filled him with confuſion. He deſired that he would allow himſelf time to reflect ſeriouſly on the nature of the ſolemn engagement into which he ſo ſuddenly and ſo lightly appeared to wiſh to enter. He conſidered it, he ſaid, a duty incumbent on him to admoniſh them both, and to exhort them to do

nothing

nothing raſhly; and how could he avoid believing that Glencairn only deceived himſelf in his preſent ideas, when little more than a week had elapſed ſince he had in the moſt ingenuous manner acknowledged his inviolable attachment to Lady Jane Martindale? How was he to reconcile ſuch inconſiſtencies?—He added, that he had too high an opinion of the mind he had taken pride and pleaſure to adorn, to imagine for a moment that ſelf-intereſt would have the power to bias one of his actions; at the ſame time he owned that his

daugh-

daughter was in that point worthy his attention; and if he doubted his love for her, it proceeded from a fear that he did not know himſelf ſufficiently to be able to anſwer for his future conduct towards her throughout life.

Glencairn endeavoured to wave theſe ſeeming objections. He could not, he ſaid, diſavow his firſt inclination, but he had (at leaſt he thought he had) ſubdued it. They parted with a promiſe from the Colonel, that in the converſation he ſhould have

with

with Miſs Stuart on the ſubject, he would not ſay any thing that might tend to impede their mutual happineſs. Indeed the Colonel knew enough of his daughter's ſentiments to be convinced, that although nothing could alter her love for Glencairn, were he once to exert his parental authority, and forbid her to marry him, ſhe would obey him, though at the certain expence of her happineſs, and the probable one of her life.

Colonel Stuart, the next morning, when breakfaſt was over, requeſted his

his daughter's attendance in his ſtudy, where they remained a conſiderable time, during which Glencairn did not find his ſituation of ſuſpenſe perfectly comfortable. He was at length relieved from it by their appearance, and he perceived that they had both been in tears. The Colonel took a hand of each of his children (as he was wont to call them), and joining them, he with humid eyes beſtowed on each his bleſſing. He could not ſay much, for his heart was full, but he deſired that their marriage might take place in two months from that time; ſome neceſſary

ceſſary arrangements with reſpect to his fortune being indiſpenſable previous to that event. Glencairn ſaluted the bluſhing Mary; they mutually embraced, and thanked the Colonel, and the day was ſpent as may be ſuppoſed from theſe virtuous minds, each deriving comfort from the happineſs of the other.

Nothing appeared to be wanting at Allanbank to complete the extent of human felicity. Miſs Stuart became more intereſting as ſhe was more beloved; for though Glencairn was conſcious that he ſhould not lead

lead her to the altar with that enthuſiaſtic paſſion that borders on madneſs, and which ſeldom laſts long, his eſteem for, and his opinion of her, augmented daily; and Colonel Stuart's winter of life, which had been hurried on by grief more than age, appeared on this occaſion to be impeded in its progreſs by a renovating ſpring. They had few viſitors at Allanbank; ſome poor Scotch lairds were their principal neighbours, who having never gone beyond the Highlands, were ſo ignorant and uninformed, that their ſociety was rather courted through

benevo-

benevolence, than diſclaimed through pride. It was the intention of the family to paſs ſome of the next winter months at Edinburgh. The Colonel had a numerous acquaintance there in Mrs. Stuart's lifetime; but ſince he had loſt her, and was ſeparated from his daughter, he neglected every worldly concern. They would not however find it difficult to meet with ſociety, whenever they viſited that charming city; for their virtues ſecured them friends, wherever they appeared.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

I HAVE already obſerved, that the conduct of Mr. Martindale towards Lady Jane was wholly altered. A viſible coolneſs had taken place, and her ears were perpetually aſſailed by the enumeration of Mrs. Martindale's virtues. Whatever ſhe ſaid, was a law both to her huſband and his ſon, and Lady Jane's life became more inſupportable, as her ſenſibility acquired more ſtrength. She had latterly contracted an intimacy with the

the two Miſs Fieldings, daughters to the late Admiral of that name. They had been intimates of Lady Darnley. The eldeſt was remarkably accompliſhed; ſhe was almoſt unrivalled on the harpſichord, and ſeemed to poſſeſs a ſoul capable of the moſt refined ſentiments. Lady Jane was very partial to this young lady, who appeared to be greatly affected by her ſituation. She frequently mentioned her diſlike to Mrs. Martindale; and though Lady Jane had ſtrictly avoided even hinting at her miſconduct with Lord Darnley, Miſs

Fielding gave her reaſon to ſuppoſe that ſhe was not ignorant of it.

It was now Lent; and Miſs Fielding was very conſtant in her attendance at the Oratorios. She had one evening ſolicited Lady Jane's company in her box at Drury Lane, who had latterly ſeldom gone into public, but was tempted to accept the invitation, as Giornovich, whom ſhe had never ſeen, was to play there. She had heard much of that charming performer, but found that report, ſo laviſh in his praiſe, was yet unequal

to

to convey a juſt idea of his merit. It was *The Meſſiah* that was performed; and at the end of the third part of it, that divine muſician, with an enchanting harmony that can be equalled only in heaven, varied the plaintive *lullaby* in a manner ſo exquiſitely pathetic, as to draw tears from the feeling heart of Lady Jane. She took out her pencil, when it was over, and wrote on the back of a letter the following extempore lines:

Seraphic ſtrains the tender feelings move,
And Muſic melts the ſoul to heav'n-born love!
Thy powers, oh Giornovich! inſpire the breaſt,
And give the wounded mind a tranſient reſt;

But, while thy notes impaſſion'd boſoms pleaſe,
They find the cure ſtill worſe than the diſeaſe;
For ev'ry time thoſe ſounds ſeraphic ceaſe,
They leave a new invader of my peace!

She had juſt finiſhed the firſt effort of her poetical talent, which ſhe intended to correct at leiſure, and was conveying haſtily to her pocket, when the box door opened, and Lord Darnley made his unexpected appearance. He bowed with infinite grace to the Miſs Fieldings, darted a contemptuous look on Mrs. Martindale (who had obtruded herſelf on the party, from a very ſlight invitation), and with more apparent

pleaſure

pleaſure than prudence ſmiled on Lady Jane, and ſeated himſelf immediately behind her. He told her, he had been in town but a few hours; that he had firſt viſited THEIR little charge, and then called in Argyle Street; but hearing from her ſervants that ſhe was gone to Drury Lane, he had taken the liberty to follow her there.

Mrs. Martindale, who was pretending to adjuſt her handkerchief, did not loſe a word of this ſpeech; but ſaid, loud enough to be heard in

the next box, That now one impediment was removed, on his lordſhip's ſide, ſhe thought the other might be eaſily accompliſhed; for ſhe was pretty ſure that young Mr. Martindale would not have much objection to ſee his name added to the liſt of happy huſbands in Doctors Commons. This was too groſs an inſult to be patiently endured; but Lord Darnley, however confuſed, was too well-bred a man to recriminate. Lady Jane faintly aſked her what ſhe meant; and pleading the exceſſive heat of

the

the houſe as an excuſe for leaving the Miſs Fieldings, requeſted Lord Darnley (who was the only gentleman in the box) to ſee her to her carriage, where ſhe inſiſted, however reluctantly, on his taking his leave.

Mr. Martindale was already in bed, and ſhe was obliged to defer ſpeaking to him till morning. Mrs. Drapery informed her, that Lord Darnley had been there, but, on finding her ladyſhip was out, had requeſted to ſee her woman. That ſhe went to the coach door, and he

aſked her many queſtions about the ſtate of the family; telling her, "That "he would do handſomely by her, "if ſhe would keep his ſecret, which "was, to tell her lady, that in con- "ſequence of letters he had received "from town, which mentioned the "diſagreeable ſituation into which "her ladyſhip was thrown by the "machinations of Mrs. Martindale, "he was arrived, fully determined to "protect her with his life."

Oldſon, the butler, had watched this interview; and whether jealouſy of

of Mrs. Drapery, or ſome other ſuſpicion, aroſe in his mind, I know not; but he inſiſted on her telling him all that had paſſed. Nay, he was ſo reſolved on knowing it, that he even threatened Mrs. Drapery to retract his promiſe of marriage to her, if ſhe did not immediately confeſs every thing to him. Any other menace Mrs. Drapery might poſſibly have withſtood; but that of a diſappointment in love was too powerful. She candidly acknowledged the confidence Lord Darnley had placed in her, but firſt obtained a

promiſe from Mr. Oldſon of his ſilence on the ſubject.

He wiſhed to perſuade her not to mention it to her lady; but this truſty confidante, recollecting Lord Darnley's offer to *do handſomely by her*, longed for the moment when ſhe ſhould be at liberty to divulge the ſecret of which ſhe had been till then in painful poſſeſſion.

Lady Jane felt a glow of ſatisfaction riſe on her cheek, as ſhe liſtened to Mrs. Drapery's informa tion. Situate

tuate as ſhe then was, every proof of regard, even from the moſt indifferent perſon, became dear to her. The cruel and unmerited treatment ſhe every day endured, had the ſame effect on her gentle mind that a ſtormy ſea has on a mariner. Her heart panted for reſt, for ſhe ſaw herſelf environed by enemies where ſhe might naturally have expected friends. She felt that matters were drawing to a criſis, that would ſoon determine her future fate.

The next morning ſhe told Mr.

Martindale of the inſult that had been offered to her at the Oratorio. He ſeemed perfectly indifferent, and ſaid ſhe might thank herſelf for it: that when a married woman had once openly admitted the addreſſes of another man, her huſband could not be blamed for diſcarding her. That he had no cauſe of complaint againſt Lord Darnley, as he conceived that he had acted only as every other gay man would do in the ſame ſituation; and he finiſhed by telling her that ſhe was perfectly at liberty to follow Lord Darnley's

fortunes

fortunes wherever they might lead her.

That calm ſerenity of mind which had ever dignified the exemplary character of Lady Jane Martindale, now entirely forſook her. She uttered the moſt piercing complaints againſt her unfeeling huſband for his injuſtice and cruelty towards her, and the moſt bitter invectives againſt the infamous Mrs. Martindale; and when ſhe ſaw that it was impoſſible to perſuade him of her innocence, ſhe found it neceſſary to have recourſe

courſe to meaſures the moſt repugnant to her feelings, and at once to declare all ſhe knew: ſhe then entered into a minute detail of the intrigue that had been carried on between Mrs. Martindale and Lord Darnley at the French milliner's houſe.

Mr. Martindale rang for his hat, and went immediately to his father's, telling Lady Jane he ſhould return preſently. He did ſo; and his countenance was inflamed by anger, as he aſked her, "How ſhe dared to

"aſperſe

"aſperſe the character of a virtuous "woman?" She had endeavoured, he ſaid, to deſtroy that of Mrs. Martindale, becauſe ſhe had refuſed to become a partner in her vices. She was jealous, he ſuppoſed, of Mrs. Martindale's ſuperior beauty and qualifications, and of the attention Lord Darnley had, like other men, paid her. He adviſed her to take up her reſidence with THEIR charge, at Paddington, and limited her to three days to remove her effects from his houſe: he excepted his mother's jewels, which he inſiſted

on having immediately reſtored to him. He then rang the bell, which was anſwered by Oldſon, whom he commanded in a peremptory manner no longer to conſider Lady Jane as his miſtreſs, and to make known that ſuch were his injunctions to all the other domeſtics. Oldſon would have ſpoken, but was prevented by a look that forbade all poſſibility of a reply. He then ordered a chaiſe and four to be immediately got in readineſs from the neareſt inn, and told Oldſon to prepare to accompany him.

The

The triumph of paſſion was ſoon over; and a tear of pity, and perhaps of remaining tenderneſs (which he uſed every effort to ſuppreſs), fell down his cheeks as he took hold of Lady Jane's hand; when turning his head on the other ſide, he bade her an eternal adieu. He threw bank notes on the table to the value of five hundred pounds, and then tore himſelf from her in a paroxyſm of agony that fell little ſhort of her own.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

IN a moment like this, how was Lady Jane Martindale to proceed? Were I to aſk a hundred people, I ſhould receive a hundred different opinions; but Lady Jane had no time for reflection. The arrow had been aimed at her heart, and it was lodged there. She ordered Mrs. Drapery into her preſence; who, with many tears, beſought her to compoſe herſelf. She deſired her to pack up in a box by themſelves, all the

the jewels and trinkets that old Mr. Martindale and his ſon had once given to her, but of which ſhe was no longer the miſtreſs; and then aſked as a favour, what but two hours before ſhe had a right to command, that one of the ſervants might go for a hackney coach, that ſhe might call at two or three places ſhe thought neceſſary, while her woman was packing up her clothes, as ſhe deſired. She was going firſt to ſee Mrs. Martindale; for though her noble heart ſhrunk from the idea of ſupplicating her enemy, yet ſhe thought

thought it a duty ſhe owed herſelf, to explain to that lady, as matters now ſtood, the neceſſity that had driven her to give ſuch a painful explanation of every circumſtance that could tend to corroborate her own innocence.

With ſwollen eyes, which ſhe endeavoured as much as poſſible to conceal by her long lace veil, ſhe ſtepped into the coach, and ordered it to Devonſhire Place. Alas! the ſervants there had not only received orders never more to admit her, but were

were even insolent enough to express before the coachman their astonishment at her calling there. She then went to Miss Fielding's, and had the satisfaction to find that her friend was at home. They knew nothing more of the misintelligence than what had passed at the oratorio, and entreated her to return home, and to inform them the next morning in what manner it had been settled. Lady Jane, after a short visit, returned to Argyle Street, and found a servant of old Mr. Martindale's, who had brought a note from his son,

ſon, and only waited her anſwer to leave town. In it he deſired her to ſend him an inventory, directed to Ledſtone, of the things ſhe had left there, which he ſaid ſhould be ſent to her wherever ſhe might appoint, as he was going to ſell that eſtate. It contained alſo a requeſt that ſhe would quit Argyle Street as ſoon as poſſible; and that ſhe would not attempt making Mrs. Drapery the companion of her flight, as it would be the means of preventing that perſon's being reſpectably ſettled with Oldſon, and he doubted Lady Jane's

future

future ability of recompenſing her, if ſhe attempted to prevent it.

Lady Jane poſſeſſed too much of the pride inſeparable from a noble mind, to be required a third time to quit the houſe. She eaſily perceived that Drapery's views on Oldſon ſuperſeded all affection for herſelf; and that although he would willingly have ſuffered her for the preſent to accompany her, yet he feared his maſter's diſpleaſure were ſhe to do ſo.

Lady

Lady Jane deſired Oldſon to change for her a fifty pound note; ſhe gave ten to Mrs. Drapery more than was due to her for the trouble ſhe had in packing up her things, which ſhe deſired her to take care of till ſhe ſent for them. Another ten ſhe gave to Oldſon to divide among the ſervants, beſides two guineas for himſelf; and in a fit of wild deſpair, unaccompanied by a ſingle attendant, and without having taſted of the dinner that the ſervants had as uſual prepared, and placed before her, ſhe ſent for a hackney coach at

ten

ten o'clock at night, and ordered the coachman to drive her which way he pleaſed, till ſhe ſhould otherwiſe direct him.

CHAP. VII.

THE coachman proceeded on a journey he could not rightly comprehend, and at length ſtopped at the turnpike beyond Weſtminſter-bridge. Lady Jane was ruminating whither ſhe ſhould go, when ſhe was rouſed from her reverie by a demand for the toll. Her memory brought ſeveral perſons to her recollection, but ſhe dreaded to meet with a cool reception wherever ſhe appeared, and made known her ſtory. Of Lord

Darnley's

Darnley's addreſs ſhe was ignorant, and the lateneſs of the hour would alone have prevented her calling on him. She deſired the coachman would drive her to Liſſon Green, where ſhe found that the family was already in bed. She knocked repeatedly, and at length with ſome difficulty obtained admiſſion into the nurſe's bed-chamber.

She apologized for her unſeaſonable viſit, and the myſtery of its appearance, diſcharged the coach, and lay down by the ſleeping infant.

But ſhe could neither compoſe herſelf, nor let the nurſe, till ſhe had made ſome enquiries reſpecting Lord Darnley. The anſwer was productive of the only ſatisfaction it was at that moment in her power to receive, as ſhe found that he had promiſed to be there the next morning by twelve o'clock. She ſoon after cloſed her wearied eye-lids, and ſunk to momentary reſt.

Lord Darnley was punctual to his appointed hour; and giving his horſe to the groom, ran eagerly up ſtairs.

Nothing

Nothing could equal his amazement at ſeeing Lady Jane there, pale, diſhevelled, and half-dreſt, ſitting with his child on her knee. She aroſe as he entered, and giving Miſs Darnley into the nurſe's arms, deſired ſhe would retire with her into the garden, while ſhe ſpoke to her Lord. But when ſhe began to relate her mournful tale, ſhe found herſelf wholly unable to proceed. She claſped her hands in ſpeechleſs agony, and lifting up her eyes to *Him* who could alone ſupport and ſtrengthen

her in the hour of affliction, ſhe burſt into tears.

When ſhe had a little recovered herſelf, ſhe explained, as well as ſhe was able, her undeſerved ſituation; leaving the preſent diſpoſal of herſelf to the ſuperior judgment of Lord Darnley, whoſe protection was the only one ſhe could now claim. He took her hand, and thanking her for the confidence with which ſhe honoured him, beſought her permiſſion to go inſtantly to town in order to provide

provide for her a more ſuitable apartment. He left her, and in leſs than three hours returned in a poſt-chaiſe, in which ſhe gladly accompanied him ſhe knew not, nor cared not, whither.

The temporary reſidence that Lord Darnley had procured for Lady Jane, was at a lodging-houſe in Great Cumberland Street; and he took one for himſelf within a few doors of it, which happened to be the ſame that had been occupied by Colonel Stuart and his family. But this he did not

know; and not chooſing at once to inform Lady Jane of his being ſo near a neighbour, ſhe alſo remained ignorant of it. Lord Darnley had called her, in both houſes, Lady Findlater, and ſaid ſhe was a baronet's widow. This had been agreed on in the chaiſe, to prevent ſuſpicion or enquiry. He paſſed ſeveral hours of the day with her, and ſhe ſaw no other perſon. His valet, who uſually attended her, was a new one, who fortunately had not ſeen or heard of her before. But it was neceſſary to intruſt the nurſe, who

was

was a decent woman, and to be depended on. She was moreover aſſured that ſhe would loſe her place from the moment there was the leaſt cauſe to ſuſpect that ſhe had betrayed her Lord.

From her they ſoon received intelligence, that ſhe had been ſeveral times followed by different people whom ſhe did not know, as ſhe went in and out of town with Miſs Darnley; in conſequence of which it became neceſſary to remove them, and they were ſent to Brompton.

A fatality is frequently attendant on different ſituations in life, which eludes all that the moſt watchful vigilance can furniſe to prevent it. It was ſo in the preſent incident. Not all the caution obſerved both by Lady Jane and Lord Darnley, nor the fidelity of the nurſe, could counteract the decree of fate. Great effects proceed frequently from trivial cauſes, which can be neither foreſeen, nor prevented.

Lord Darnley's valet perceived that there was ſome myſtery about

Lady

Lady Findlater; but being a country fellow, who knew nothing of London, and being much confined at home, he had no opportunity of talking over his Lord's affairs among his fellow-ſervants; and the nurſe, who was rather a pretty girl, hardly conde-ſcended to ſpeak to him. Lord Darnley had one morning written to Lady Jane, and intruſted as uſual the note to his ſervant; who thought this a good opportunity to ſatisfy the curioſity of their landlady, with whom he had frequently converſed on the ſubject. She was overjoyed

at his offer, and particularly ſo as he requeſted her to give it into the lady's own hands, which was a charge he alſo had received from his maſter.

She took the note, and went directly to the door of the apartment, which was, to her unſpeakable aſtoniſhment, opened by Lady Jane Martindale, who was as much confuſed as herſelf; ſhe firſt ſuſpected that it was ſome trick put upon her by her family, till ſhe learned that Lord Darnley was in poſſeſſion of Colonel Stuart's former lodgings in her

her houſe. She entreated her to preſerve the moſt inviolable ſecrecy, which was faithfully promiſed, without any intention of performing it.

This ſlender circumſtance laid a laſting foundation for every ſubſequent event of Lady Jane's life. The moment the landlady returned home, ſhe put on her hat and cloke with all poſſible ſpeed, and telling the valet ſhe was going to market, without any farther explanation, poſted directly to Mr. Martindale's houſe in Argyle Street, whither ſhe had

had once been on a viſit to Mrs. Drapery, in company with Joſephine, Miſs Stuart's Neapolitan maid. Mrs. Drapery was at home, and in the act of writing to her dear Oldſon, who was ſtill at Ledſtone with his maſter. As ſoon as ſhe had heard ALL, ſhe preſented her viſitant with a glaſs of her beſt cordial, and begged to have the HONOUR of her company another time, as ſhe was juſt finiſhing an important letter, and feared being too late for the poſt. Theſe two worthy females exchanged ſeveral polite curteſies,

and

and parted highly ſatisfied with each other; the one having communicated all ſhe knew, and the other having heard all ſhe wiſhed; for they were till that moment ignorant of Lady Jane's deſtination. Mrs. Drapery added another ſheet to her already voluminous packet; and as ſoon as ſhe had diſpatched it, and finiſhed her dinner, ſhe ſent for every one of the ſervants into the houſe-keeper's room, to whom ſhe related the whole of this marvellous tale.

Mrs. Drapery was now ſole miſ-

treſs

treſs of the houſe; conſequently whatever ſhe ſaid, was the grand rule of all their actions. I muſt indeed except a Yorkſhire groom; who having ſat like the reſt open-mouthed to hear pronounced the ſentence of his lady's condemnation, declared "he would go to her that very moment, and know in what he could ſerve her, for that ſhe was as good a lady as ever broke bread; and he was certain that as for Yorkſhire, there was never a gentleman in the whole country that would have turned ſuch a tender-hearted lady out of doors,

doors, but that he had heard theſe Londoners would do any thing. He did not care for his maſter; he might hang him if he liked, and keep his wages into the bargain; but that now he knew where to find his lady, he would go and offer his ſervice to her; ay, and ſtick by her, if ſhe would let him, without a farthing wages, as long as he lived."

Mrs. Drapery expatiated on the reſentment of an enraged maſter, and the deſtruction that would inevitably overtake him, and finally prevent

vent his ever getting another place, ſhould he perſiſt in ſuch a fooliſh ſcheme:—but all would not do; nothing could induce Tom to relinquiſh his preſent purpoſe; and with all the blunt honeſty and feeling of A TRUE YORKSHIREMAN, he went immediately to his maſter's ſtables, where, giving up his charge of the ſaddle-horſes to the coachman, he packed up his all in a ſmall bundle, and, without taking leave of his aſſociates, whom his heart curſed for their cruelty, he walked with aching ſteps towards Great Cumberland Street.

In

In his way thither, he reflected for the firſt time of his life on what he was about. He had given up his place, and all the intereſt he had, without having any juſt reaſon to ſuppoſe that Lady Jane would befriend him. What was he to do if ſhe refuſed him an aſylum?—Tom had no friends in London; they were all inhabitants of Ripon; yet Tom did not repent. He already had received full compenſation for any hardſhips he might in future undergo. He had experienced that inward joy, that indeſcribable felicity of having

ing given way to the genuine feelings of an honeſt heart. He did not ſuppoſe that his lady would ſuffer him to want; but if ſhe did, he ſhould only be reduced to temporary neceſſity, and that too in a noble cauſe; *the cauſe of injured innocence.* His friends were induſtrious, hard-working people, who would not, he was very ſure, diſmiſs him becauſe he did not bring them *gold.* No; they had ever prayed him to remain among them ſteady to the plough, as his forefathers had been; but Tom had ſeen laced liveries in the neigh-

neighbourhood of Ripon; and more from the generous motive of thinking he could henceforward add to the little wealth already poſſeſſed by his family, than any ſelf-intereſted principle of his own, he had ſet out on his perilous journey, TO SEE THE WORLD.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

TOM was at firſt refuſed admittance; till by his ſobs and tears, and his aſſeveration that he had left his place for no other reaſon than to wait on his lady, he prevailed on the miſtreſs of the houſe to go up ſtairs a ſecond time, and ſhe conſented to ſee him. He briefly related by what means he had diſcovered her reſidence, and begged her ladyſhip's pardon for his boldneſs in coming after her, and the motive which

had induced him to do ſo. Lady Jane thanked him for his attention, and drawing five guineas from her purſe, adviſed him to return to his place, or, if he did not chooſe that, ſhe would recommend him, ſhe ſaid, to Lord Darnley, who would procure him another. Tom looked firſt at the money, and then wiſtfully at Lady Jane; for he feared to offend, as he begged to be excuſed taking it; and he ventured to hint, that, not ſeeing any ſervants about her, he thought ſhe could but ill ſpare it; and all he implored was, that ſhe

would

would keep him in her ſervice. The poor creature pleaded ſo powerfully, that it was impoſſible ſhe could without cruelty reſiſt him; ſo ordering him to put the money in his pocket, ſhe ſuffered him to enter on the pleaſing taſk of rendering himſelf a faithful attendant on her.

Lady Jane employed the remainder of the morning in writing a long narrative of facts to her father. She endeavoured to prepare him in the moſt delicate and pathetic manner for the knowledge of her misfor-

tunes, and anticipated the total forgetfulneſs of theſe, in his ſympathizing tenderneſs. She obſerved that ſhe had only quitted an unpleaſant home, to return to her native happy one; and ſhe requeſted his approbation of her joining him immediately in Ireland. With eager expectation ſhe told him ſhe ſhould wait his reply, which would in every thing determine her future conduct. Her hours appeared to grow lighter from the moment her letter was given to the poſtman, and ſhe followed in idea its haſty progreſs dur-

ing the night; forming a thouſand pleaſing conjectures on the event of its ſucceſs. Lord Darnley had for the firſt time neglected viſiting her that evening; but when he called the next morning, he found her more cheerful than he had hitherto ſeen her; and as the day was remarkably fine, he propoſed their going in a hackney coach to ſee Miſs Darnley at Brompton, and walking in one of the retired paths of its neighbourhood. Lord Darnley returned to dinner with her, and had been juſt propoſing to accompany her to Ireland

land as ſoon as ſhe received her father's anſwer; telling her, that now the Martindales knew where to find them both, he doubted not but that all poſſible means would be tried to haſten a divorce; and he hoped to receive, as ſoon as it was pronounced, her hand from her father. He had never ſpoken ſo openly before. In thoſe few words were comprehended all ſhe wiſhed to hear, and ſhe felt elated at the idea of being reſtored to happineſs. Their converſation was interrupted by the entrance of Tom, who brought a letter that had

been put into his hands by one of the ſervants from Argyle Street; it was addreſſed to Lady Jane; ſhe knew her huſband's hand on the direction, which was all he had written. In the blank cover was a letter to himſelf, which had been ſent to Ledſtone, and was from thence forwarded by him. It bore the Iriſh poſt-mark, and was ſealed with black. Lady Jane ſaw the ſignature, and fainted away. Her heart foreboded its dreadful contents; there was no need of her reading it, to be convinced of *this*, *her greateſt misfor-*

tune! Lord Darnley took it up, and found that it contained an affecting requeſt from the ſteward to Mr. Martindale, that he would break the news of the earl's ſudden death to Lady Jane in the tendereſt manner poſſible. He had departed this life but two hours before it was written, conſequently no knowledge could be had of the ſituation in which he had left his affairs; but the ſteward added, that as he had reaſon to believe his lordſhip had left Mr. Martindale ſole executor, he entreated that gen-

tleman to come with all poſſible haſte to Dublin.

Lady Jane ſoon recovered from her ſtate of inſenſibility; but her heart was tuned to woe, and ſhe bore this afflicting circumſtance with more compoſure at the moment than might have been expected. She looked up to Lord Darnley as HER ONLY FRIEND, for where in the vaſt univerſe could ſhe claim another?—He ſincerely felt for and pitied her, and he promiſed her every aſſiſtance, at this

this diſmal juncture, that ſhe could derive from his affection, his ſociety, and advice. But ſhe was deeply affected by her recent loſs; and her grief was of the moſt dangerous kind, as it grew into a ſettled melancholy, which increaſed daily. She continually pondered on her ſituation, and at length, without conſulting Lord Darnley, or even mentioning the circumſtance to him, ſhe wrote to Miſs Fielding, giving her a circumſtantial detail of all that had paſſed, and entreating to ſee her. She gave Tom orders to

wait for an anſwer, and he brought back her own letter, unſealed, in a blank cover. She found herſelf DESPISED AND REJECTED, and a conſtant ſucceſſion of ſad ideas filled her very ſoul. The wounded mind will, like the drowning man, catch at every ſhadow of a ſubſtance; and Lady Jane, penetrated with Lord Darnley's attentive friendſhip, inſenſibly attached herſelf to him. He could now prevail on her with leſs difficulty to accompany him in riding, walking, &c. till by degrees ſhe gave herſelf up irrecoverably to him,

and

and refuſed nothing to a man whom ſhe with confidence conſidered as her future huſband, and natural protector.

Lady Jane and Lord Darnley were more publicly together than formerly, but ſtill kept their reſpective lodgings. In leſs than a month after her father's death, ſhe received a ſecond letter from the ſteward, written at the deſire of Mr. Martindale, who was, he informed her, arrived in Dublin to take poſſeſſion of all that had been left her. He ſent

her word that, on his return to England, he would ſecure her a ſettlement adequate to the fortune he had with her; and Lord Darnley received, about the ſame time, a citation from Doctors Commons.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

WE will now reviſit with regret our friends at Allanbank; I ſay with regret, becauſe we left them at the ſummit of human happineſs, and (if we accompany them at all) we muſt deſcend with them into the valley of woe. Colonel Stuart was ſurpriſed one morning, as he was ſitting in his ſtudy, by a large packet directed to him, which, on opening, he found to contain ſeveral

ſheets from an elder brother, who had been long ſettled at Madras; and of whom he had not received any tidings for more than twenty years, a coolneſs having ſubſiſted ſince that time between them. The Colonel was perfectly ignorant whether he was living or dead. But as old age brings reflection, and draws us naturally back to our firſt attachments, Mr. Stuart at laſt recollected that he had a brother, who he had lately heard was not only living, but was a widower, with an only daughter. He wrote rather

a kind

a kind letter to the Colonel, giving him a long account of himſelf. He had been married, he ſaid, twice; and had three children, none of whom ſurvived; and his laſt wife, who was alſo his laſt tie in that country, was lately dead. He complained of his age and infirmities, and acknowledged that he had made a conſiderable fortune in the Eaſt, which it was his intention to bequeath to his niece. He deſired that the Colonel would either embark in the firſt ſhip deſtined to India, or that he would ſend over ſome

perſon,

perſon, in whom he could place confidence, to attend to the ſettling of his affairs; he added, that in caſe of his dying before ſuch a one arrived, he had already taken care to make a will in favour of Miſs Stuart, his niece.

The Colonel exulted but little in his daughter's unexpected proſpect of future fortune. She had enough to make her happy, and they coveted no more. Yet it was neceſſary on every account to accede to her uncle's requeſt. She might have a

large family, and it was a duty incumbent on him not to neglect a circumſtance that had the appearance of turning out ſo much to her advantage, and ſo far beyond their expectations. To caſt away a gift that was as it were thrown into their lap, would be, according to Colonel Stuart's ideas, to render themſelves unworthy the diſpenſations of providence in their favour. The only difficulty was, to determine on who was proper to go over. It was a long perilous voyage to be undertaken by the Colonel; and he could not think of

ſeparating

ſeparating Glencairn and his daughter, at a moment when they were on the point of marriage, and when every thing ſeemed to ſmile propitious on their union.

When he met them, his countenance bore the viſible marks of perturbation and anxiety; and it was ſome time before he could collect himſelf ſufficiently to impart to them the contents of the letter. Glencairn and Mary watched each other's countenance while he was reading it; but when the Colonel ſignified his

his intention of firſt joining their hands, and then leaving them while he made the long, long voyage, Mary at once declared that ſhe would rather relinquiſh every earthly advantage than ſuffer her father to undertake it. To her, and to Glencairn, no increaſe of fortune could bring increaſe of happineſs; and why ſhould they traverſe ſeas to riſk the loſs of THAT, of which they were already in poſſeſſion?

Glencairn ſtood in a delicate ſituation. His wandering heart prompted

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ed him to inſiſt on being the deputed perſon, yet he feared two unkind conſtructions that might be put on it if he did ſo; and theſe were, indifference towards Mary, and ſelf-intereſt. If either of them preponderated, it was not ſurely the latter. He aſked Mary what he ſhould do?—She expected, yet was not immediately prepared for the queſtion. It was about the time when the Indiamen were to ſail; and while Colonel Stuart retired to his ſtudy to write to a friend in London in order to make proper enquiries

ries about them, Miſs Stuart and Glencairn walked into the garden, where they agreed that there was no alternative between his going to India, and the loſs of her uncle's favour and fortune.

When Colonel Stuart ſaw that it was in vain to oppoſe Glencairn's reſolution, ſtrengthened by the conſent of Mary, he told him he ſhould leave it entirely to himſelf, and his daughter, whether their marriage ſhould take place before or after his return; but Miſs Stuart begged to con-

continue in her preſent ſituation till he did ſo. She thought ſhe ſhould be better able to bear his abſence as her friend, than as her huſband; they were already betrothed; ſhe could not doubt his love for her; and ſhe conſidered the ſacrifice he was about to make, as the greateſt proof that he could give of it.

The Colonel uſed all poſſible diſpatch in forwarding every neceſſary preparation for Glencairn's departure; and he ſoon received an anſwer from the friend to whom he had

had written, who was one of the Eaſt India Directors, informing him that his paſſage was taken on board the Melville Caſtle, which was to ſail in three weeks. The arrival of this letter cauſed a few pearly drops to trickle down the cheeks of Mary; but the blow was given, and it was too late to recede.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

WE will paſs over the melancholy ſeparation, and, leaving Colonel and Miſs Stuart at Allanbank in better health than ſpirits, accompany Glencairn to London.

As he approached the gay metropolis, his mind dwelt on the idea of Lady Jane Martindale. Every carriage that he met he fancied to contain her, and every well-dreſt perſon he ſaw he anxiouſly looked at, as ſup-

ſuppoſing he could receive from them ſome information of her. On the morning after his arrival, he waited on the Director with a letter from Colonel Stuart; but finding he was gone to Blackwall, to dine on board the Melville Caſtle, he ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and followed him. He was introduced by that gentleman to Captain Dundas and the other Officers, and was much pleaſed both with his acquaintance and his birth there. He was informed that the ſhip was to go down the river in ten days. He returned to town with his

his new friend in the evening, and on their way could not forbear aſking him if he was acquainted with the Martindale family?—By report only, was the reply; and indeed he ſaid the late tranſactions of that family were not calculated to make any perſon wiſh to know more of them. This led to an explanation, and, when they arrived, to the peruſal of a newſpaper a few days old, which was at the Director's, and contained a long account of the ELOPEMENT of Lady Jane Martindale with Lord Darnley, &c. &c. &c.

Glencairn

Glencairn was engaged to ſtay ſupper, but retired to his hotel as ſoon as it was over; and finding that a porter kept watch all night, he put on a great coat, and walked immediately to Argyle Street. When he approached the houſe, he heard the ſound of fiddles, and people dancing: he at once diſbelieved the report, thinking it very unlikely, if it were true, that Mr. Martindale ſhould have a ball in his houſe. He was however ſoon convinced of his error, when he ſaw ſeveral odd-looking men reeling out of it, and

heard them hallooing for coaches for the LADIES. He addreſſed himſelf to the moſt decent-looking one, who told him that it was Mrs. Drapery's birth-day, and that all the noblemen's gentlemen, and ladies' women of the neighbourhood were aſſembled to celebrate it; that Mr. Martindale was at his country ſeat in Cornwall, and that Lady Jane was gone off with Lord Darnley. Glencairn thanked his informer, and returned to his apartment. He had appointed a week from that day to go on board the ſhip, and was determined

to

to employ the whole of it in making enquiries after her. He flattered himſelf that it would be in his power to "recall the wanderer home;" and ſhould he fail in the attempt, it was ſtill a laudable one. He thought he ſaw her deſtitute of money, and of friends; and might he not ſupply the place of both?—Yet, he again reflected, was ſhe deſerving ſuch attention from him, and ought he not to be with-held from ſhewing it by his ſacred engagement to Mary Stuart? The gentle, the virtuous, the faithful Mary poſſeſſed but, alas! the ſecond

place in his regard; he was more riveted by honour, than he was bound by love.

The next morning, the Director favoured him with a viſit, and inſiſted on his dining with him. They talked of Colonel Stuart, and Glencairn ſlightly touched on his engagement with his daughter; but as ſeveral gentlemen were preſent, many words did not paſs on the ſubject. Glencairn drank freely of Cape and a variety of other wines. His life had hitherto been one continued ſcene of ſobriety,

ſobriety; and it was not to be wondered at, in the preſent moment, that the liquor ſtaggered his reaſon, and at length wholly overcame it. To this might be added the diſordered ſituation of his mind, and both threw him into a ſtate of temporary madneſs. He ſtole away from the Director's houſe, and went directly to Mr. Martindale's; where, on enquiring for Mrs. Drapery, he ſoon gained admiſſion. She immediately knew him; confirmed all he had heard; told him where to find Lady Jane; and finiſhed by ſaying, that had he come ſooner

to town, he would have probably had the preference over Lord Darnley.

Fluſhed as he was with wine, and inflamed by the ſubject, he ſcarcely gave her time to finiſh the ſentence, ere he directed his wayward ſteps towards Great Cumberland Street. No ſooner was the ſtreet door opened, than he impetuouſly ruſhed forward, and, without making any enquiry at Lady Jane's apartment, abruptly entered it. She ſtarted, and was terrified by his appearance,

ance, and received him with diſtant civility. His paſſion knew no bounds. Love, jealouſy, and rage, were conſpicuous in his countenance; he called her *infamous*, and ungrateful, and vowed to be the death of Lord Darnley, if ſhe did not inſtantly conſent to go off with him. At the word *infamous*, ſhe ſhuddered. Her ſoul diſdained the menace, and the accuſer; yet ſhe was ſtung by his expreſſions. Was that the language ſhe deſerved, or had been accuſtomed to?—Was there NO diſcrimination? no more gentle epithet for a heart

nearly broken by accumulated misfortunes, but which had plunged into an illegal, though almoſt unavoidable connection?—She had been thrown headlong down a precipice, and was now accuſed, and reproached, becauſe ſhe fell! Glencairn had not arrived time enough to ſnatch her from impending ruin; but he ſeemed to triumph in her misfortune, and to take an unmanly advantage of it to inſult her. She felt that her ſituation laid her open to the frowning cenſures of the world, but he was the laſt perſon that ſhould remind

remind her of it. She had no reaſon to expect to meet with lenity from her female acquaintance, after the KIND leſſon Miſs Fielding had taught her. Alas! were all the SEEMING virtuous characters to be unmaſked, how many, more culpable in reality than Lady Jane, would be branded with the word *infamous!* The daughters of Albion, as they are the faireſt productions of nature, ſhould be alſo the moſt generous. They ſhould learn to pity, before they condemn; they ſhould be merciful, as God is merciful; and they would find more

favour in his ſight when they wipe away the tear of anguiſh, than when they wantonly and cruelly augment it. Let them not forget the old Spaniſh proverb, that

> Whoever throws ſtones at his neighbour's windows, ſhould remember his own are made of glaſs.

Youth, beauty, health, and even life itſelf, are too frequently ſacrificed to theſe miſtaken prejudices of the world. How many noble minds are overthrown by them! for I hope, and believe, that few women who are not born and educated in the path

path of vice, can be deemed deſerving of the diſgrace and opprobrium with which they are overwhelmed, from the moment they become outcaſts of ſociety; or, that the ſuſceptible mind can long ſupport it!—The contempt of the VIRTUOUS, the inſults of the vulgar, ſanctioned as it were by their example, will not fail at laſt to break a heart endued with ſenſibility. How great are the ſorrows that ariſe from too delicate a ſhare of it in many tranſactions of life! It has long been a diſputed point, whether or not the pleaſures

flowing from SENSIBILITY are not more than overbalanced by the croſſes, diſappointments, mortifications, and inſults, it daily receives from a barbarous herd of INSENSIBLE mortals. Perhaps it may be ſo; yet a tender ſenſible mind will ſtill have pleaſures, and enjoy happineſs, which thoſe of a coarſer mould know nothing of. As the ſource and ſprings of their felicity are ſecret; ſo, to avoid the ſneer and laugh of unfeeling creatures, they enjoy it in ſecret alſo.

Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens beſtow,
A drop of pleaſure, for a ſea of woe!

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

LADY Jane prevailed at length on Glencairn to retire; which however ſhe was not able to accompliſh till he had extorted from her a promiſe to conſider of his propoſals, and to ſend him a definitive anſwer to them in the morning. She alſo obtained his word, that he would not take any ſteps againſt Lord Darnley which might interfere with her preſent ſtate of negative peace, till ſhe had ſome farther converſation with him.

him. But ſhe was relieved from all apprehenſions of that kind early the next day by a few lines ſhe received from him, in which he bade her a long adieu. He aſſured her that he felt the impropriety of which he had been guilty the preceding evening, and he entreated her to forgive it, as with his reaſon a proper ſenſe of his duty had returned; and that leſt he ſhould in another moment of involuntary inebriation be tempted to offend her again in the ſame manner, he had determined on going on board the Melville Caſtle that day; being reſolved

ſolved to fulfil to the utmoſt the confidence repoſed in him. He would willingly, he added, loſe his life in her defence; but he owed the preſent preſervation of it to the intereſts of Colonel Stuart, and his family; he was intruſted by them with the depoſit of their future fortune; it was a ſacred engagement, which, when once fulfilled, would leave him nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear.

In a ſhort poſtſcript he added, that his deſtination was to return to Eng-

land as ſoon as he had ſeen Mr. Stuart, and received his commands; when he would find out if poſſible where ſhe reſided, and in what ſituation. He concluded thus abruptly, as if fearful of ſaying more than he intended; yet it was eaſy to trace his bewildered mind in every line.

Lady Jane had certainly an attachment for Lord Darnley; but it was rather the compulſion of gratitude, than the effuſion of love. She had lately obſerved in him an air of conſtraint, and ſometimes of moroſe-

neſs,

neſs, that ſhe had not before perceived; yet ſhe conſidered it both her duty and inclination to apprize Lord Darnley of their interview. He pauſed while ſhe related it; then ſeeming ſuddenly to recollect himſelf, adviſed her if poſſible to marry Glencairn. He did not, he ſaid, mean to keep up the boyiſh farce of deceiving her; but he could not in honour to himſelf, or juſtice to his daughter, marry her himſelf. His fortune ſhe knew was not large. Yet he could ſpare out of it an annuity of one hundred pounds, which

he

he would ſettle on her in addition to whatever allowance might be made her by Mr. Martindale, after the divorce bill had paſſed. She muſt not, he added, expect to ſee him ſo frequently as ſhe had hitherto done; it might prevent his forming an HONOURABLE connection, which he owed to the infancy and ſituation of his daughter.

Lady Jane liſtened to this ſpeech in ſilent aſtoniſhment; and, when it was over, ironically thanked his lordſhip for the KINDNESS of his inten-

intentions; but aſſured him that it was the laſt time ſhe would degrade herſelf by ſeeing him. With an air of dignity, uncontaminated by paſſion of any kind, ſhe commanded him to retire, and never more to inſult her either by his preſence, or his offers of miſplaced generoſity, or wound her feelings by unmerited contempt. She was at leaſt his equal in point of rank; and in ſentiment, far, far his ſuperior. She loved the little Louiſa with almoſt the ſame maternal tenderneſs ſhe ſhould have felt, had Heaven bleſſed her

her with a child; but her pride had been too groſsly inſulted to allow her to give farther proofs of it. She repeated her wiſh of ſeeing him no more, and with haughty, but determined reſolution, forbade him to intrude farther on her preſence.

Lord Darnley looked abaſhed, and mortified; he endeavoured to ſtammer out an excuſe; but finding it would avail nothing, he made a low bow and withdrew.

In new, and alarming aſſaults of fortune,

fortune, if there be leiſure for reflection, the mind retires into its citadel; and there, rejecting every uſeleſs or ordinary companion, admits alone thoſe rare energetic powers, whoſe vigour can repel, or vigilence elude, the fury of the ſtorm. In ſuch a dilemma, ſhe naturally thought of Glencairn; not as the future happy rival of Lord Darnley; not as her champion, whom ſhe might expect to find bold in his revenge of her injuries;—but, as a friendly divinity, whoſe ſoothing pity, if it could not diſſipate, would

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at leaſt effuſe a ſympathetic balm. Yet it was not until after ſome ſtruggles that ſhe determined to write, and requeſt ſeeing him once more; and diſpatched Tom with a letter to that effect, to Blackwall.

He loſt no time after receiving it in obeying her ſummons; and drew from her a full confeſſion of her intimacy with Lord Darnley, and his ſubſequent conduct. He ſaid little in reply, but ſoon after excuſed himſelf on pretence of buſineſs which would

would detain him half an hour, and went directly to Lord Darnley's lodgings, determined to demand ſatisfaction for the ungentlemanly and cruel treatment that he had exerted towards an unhappy and unprotected woman. His lordſhip having probably entertained ſome ſuſpicions on that head, had paid off his lodgings, and left town an hour before Glencairn arrived there.

Cruelty and cowardice are ſo cloſely connected, as to be deemed almoſt inſeparable. The man who would

would wantonly torture and deſtroy even the leaſt of God's creatures, will be ſeldom found to poſſeſs that degree of courage which naturally belongs to the Lord of the creation, and which habitual vice only can do away. He will tyrannize over thoſe unhappy victims whom the chance of fortune has rendered ſubſervient to his power; but he will ſhrink from thoſe who can reign over HIM, and ſtand aghaſt at the appearance of ſuperior virtue. A man of real courage is a man of ſtrict honour; he will, like the tried warrior, pity, and

relieve as far as he is able, the leſs fortunate vanquiſhed; but he will deſpiſe the pitiful prerogative of exulting over, and adding to, accumulated woes. Such were the oppoſite characters of Lord Darnley, and Glencairn.

In two days more the Melville-Caſtle was to go down the river; and Glencairn's engagements were of too ſerious a nature to be broken. He ſaid nothing to Lady Jane of his knowledge of Lord Darnley's departure; but requeſted her to perſevere

in not ſeeing him; and adviſed her to retire to ſome more private lodging, where ſhe might wait the iſſue of the matter now pending in law. He told her that he hoped to return to England in fifteen or eighteen months; and he begged her not to forget that ſhe had one friend left, who would never deſert her intereſts, though the ſacrifice of his everlaſting peace muſt be made to the memory of her ſufferings, and his own feeble condition. With theſe words he left her, but ah, in what a ſituation!—no friends, no ſociety, not even

even an acquaintance to whom ſhe might pour out her griefs, and her mind diſturbed almoſt beyond the powers of reflection! Towards evening ſhe walked out, and her ſteps were involuntarily directed towards Brompton. She would have paſſed the houſe which contained Miſs Darnley; but by accident ſhe looked up, and ſaw her playing in her nurſe's arms, at the window. She was then about eight months old. Lady Jane could not reſiſt the temptation; but running eagerly up ſtairs, kiſſed her with ardent affection, while the tears

ſtreamed down her cheeks. The object of her walk was to find out a cheap lodging in a decent family; in this ſhe ſoon ſucceeded, and took it from the following day.

She returned home, and was ſitting over a ſlender ſupper, wrapt in melancholy ideas, when a loud knock at the ſtreet-door, and a hackney coach ſtopping at it, arreſted her attention. Tom informed her that it was an old gentleman, who declined ſending up his name, but particularly requeſted to ſee her. She was

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in that ſtate of torpid inſenſibility which renders us alike indifferent to every thing, and ſhe gave orders that he ſhould be admitted. This unexpected viſitor was old Mr. Martindale: at ſight of him her tears flowed afreſh, but he bade her be comforted. Nothing, he ſaid, that lay within HIS power ſhould be wanting to ſoften the rigour of her deſtiny. He had called to aſſure her of it; and would repeat his viſits, though he wiſhed his family might remain ignorant of them. The ſettlement, he ſaid, of two thouſand

pounds per annum that had been made on her marriage, and was to deſcend to her in caſe ſhe ſurvived her huſband, would ſtill hold good if there was no divorce, and that ſhe refuſed to ſign any bond that might be propoſed to her, till ſhe had been adviſed how to act. His ſon had been already informed by his counſel, that there did not exiſt any juſt plea for a divorce; and he was determined not only to appriſe her of what ſhe ought to do, but alſo from time to time to acquaint her with what ſteps were to be taken, and his opinion

opinion of them. He ſtaid with her near an hour; and promiſing to call on her next evening at Brompton, took his leave of her with every appearance of pity and regard.

She received the next morning a long conſolatory letter from Glencairn; but as it contained nothing more than a repetition of his friendſhip and good wiſhes, we will not tranſcribe it; but take for the preſent our leave of him, wiſhing him a proſperous voyage to India, and a ſafe and happy return to Britain.

Mr. Martindale went as he had promiſed to Brompton; and ſaid he was authoriſed by his ſon to make known to her in what manner he choſe, that he ſhould henceforwards continue to allow her one hundred pounds per annum; and that he had given orders to his banker to pay her immediately five hundred pounds, as a preſent from himſelf. She had hitherto thought of, and now cared, ſo little about pecuniary matters, that ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied with his propoſal to execute a deed of ſeparation, that ſhould preclude the poſſibility

bility of her debts falling on her husband. This was agreed on, and signed by both parties the following day, and every thing appeared to be terminated to the satisfaction of all those who were concerned in it.

CHAP. XII.

FROM the time of Glencairn's departure, Miſs Stuart's health began to relapſe into its former ſtate of declining ſtrength. Frequent faintings, loſs of appetite, and a total dejection of ſpirits, were the alarming forerunners of what was ſoon confirmed to be a rapid decline. The Colonel and herſelf received ſeveral letters from him, and in the laſt, dated from the Downs, he took his long farewell. But theſe, inſtead of aſſuaging

her

her grief at his loſs, viſibly augmented it. She perceived a chilly reſerve in his manner of addreſſing her, that was inconſiſtent ſhe thought with the nature of their engagement; and his ſilence reſpecting Lady Jane Martindale (an account of whom they had ſeen in the papers) was to Mary the ſureſt proof of his not being indifferent about it. In a few weeks Mr. Courtenay became their viſitor; but knowing the ſituation of her heart, he dropped all pretenſions to be her lover, and gloried but in the title of her ſincere and ſym-

pathizing friend. He divided with the Colonel his attentions to her; and his naturally cheerful diſpoſition often forced a ſmile from her pale and placid countenance, while it ſeconded the anxious wiſhes of her venerable father, by ſometimes enabling him to aſſume an air of gaiety from which his heart was very far removed.

Many months paſſed in which their hours were thus uniformly, and not unpleaſingly divided. The Colonel and Mr. Courtenay generally rode

rode out; and when the cold was not too ſevere (for it was now Winter) Miſs Stuart frequently accompanied them behind a ſervant, for ſhe was too weak to venture alone on horſeback. They had one morning in the month of December extended their ride beyond its uſual bounds, when they were overtaken by a ſudden ſtorm. The hail-ſtones pelted them with fury, and thick flakes of ſnow fell in abundance over them. They found themſelves nine miles from Allanbank, and were obliged to take ſhelter in a

ſmall

ſmall, cottage till they could diſpatch their attendant to the neareſt town where a chaiſe might be procured, and which was at a much greater diſtance. They did not reach home till near ſeven o'clock in the evening, and the ſtorm had not yet abated.

They had but juſt changed their wet clothes, and were ſitting round the blazing fire, waiting their early ſupper, when *Keeper*, the faithful houſe-dog, announced by his loud barking, the unuſual approach of

viſitors. He was ſoon echoed by ſeveral other dogs, whoſe peaceful ſlumbers he had diſturbed, as they lay ſtretched round the comfortable hearth of the hoſpitable parlour. The rain pattered againſt the windows, and the wind loud whiſtled through the trees, which hardly ſuffered them to diſtinguiſh the rattling of carriage wheels, till it approached cloſe to the outward gate. Mary's heart firſt bounded high with fluttering expectation, and then ſunk with dire diſmay.

The inhabitants of Allanbank ſoon aſſembled at the door; from whence, after a ſhort interval of painful ſuſpence, they could perceive, by the glimmering light of the different candles they held, a female form, which, lightly tripping up the lawn, was enquiring of every one ſhe ſaw, whether Miſs Stuart was there? On being anſwered in the affirmative, ſhe flew to her embrace, and, without giving Mary time to recollect herſelf, aſked her if ſhe had quite forgotten her old friend, Sophia Beaumont?

Mary

Mary drew back with fear, as thinking ſhe beheld her ghoſt; for how could mother St. Etienne, a confirmed nun of one of the ſtricteſt orders in France, be not only liberated from her confinement, but alſo a ſolitary wanderer in a remote part of a kingdom to which ſhe was an entire ſtranger? A moment's pauſe convinced her; and that moment drew a tear of blood from her heart, as it brought to her remembrance the ſituation of *perſecuted France!* that country in which ſhe had paſſed ſome of the happieſt hours of unconſcious

conſcious infancy; where ſhe had ſo often witneſſed the gay dance, the feſtive board, the jocund ſong, and all the ſprightly attributes of light-footed felicity. Alas! how ſad, how bitter, how ſudden, how heart-breaking, was now the vaſt reverſe!

Mary welcomed her friend with unfeigned ſatisfaction, and when ſupper was over, Miſs Beaumont began her pathetic narration. She dwelt with pity on the violation of every ſacred inſtitution. The Catholic religion, whoſe outward forms pourtrayed

trayed the exceſs of romantic ſuperſtition, now ſtood unmaſked, and terrible to view. The ſavage chiefs of France, whoſe hands were perpetually employed in ſhedding without mercy the blood of innocents, had laid low the buildings that were devoted to the ſervice of God, and at length dared to deny his name. Nor did ſhe forget (while the tear of pity ſtreamed down her cheeks, and down thoſe of her auditors) the holy ſiſterhood of her now violated, but once ſacred, aſylum. Thoſe aged and venerable

nerable nuns, whoſe life had been ſpent within its quiet walls, and who, devoted ſince childhood to their religion, had peaceably and uniformly fulfilled its duties, were now torn by the rough hand of violence from their ſolitary cells, and expoſed to buffet with the ſtorms of a world they had never ſeen, and of which they had coveted only A GRAVE!

The great clock ſtruck twelve; and, by reminding them of the lateneſs of the hour, releaſed the compaſſionate

paſſionate hearts under the roof at Allanbank from dwelling farther on the melancholy tale; and Miſs Beaumont, fatigued by her long journey, was glad to retire as ſoon as ſhe had ſatisfied them of the means which brought her thither. An Engliſh family to whom ſhe was unknown had conducted her by the way of Oſtend to London, and ſupplied her with money more than ſufficient to defray her expences to Scotland. This charming girl, though French by birth, was calculated to adorn human nature; her heart recoiled at the

the horrors exercised by her ferocious countrymen, horrors so great they want a name, and beggar all description!

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

IT would be difficult to meet with minds more perfectly congenial than were thoſe of Mary Stuart and Sophia Beaumont. They were charmed with the ſociety of each other, yet Miſs Beaumont's delicacy was wounded by her being wholly dependent on her friends. From this motive ſhe wiſhed, after a few months reſidence at Allanbank, to remove from it till ſuch time as ſhe might be able to withdraw her ſlender fortune

tune out of the hands of her family. She was an adept at all kinds of needlework, and thought it might be practicable for her to gain a maintenance at Edinburgh; but Miſs Stuart's precarious ſtate of health would not permit her to hint at it. She was every day ſomewhat weaker than the former one; yet with that flattering hope which is almoſt conſtantly attendant on her fatal diſorder, ſhe derived the moſt ſanguine expectations of her recovery with the approaching ſpring. Miſs Beaumont and Mr. Courtenay were indefatigably

fatigably attentive to her; but the Colonel was too well aware of her danger, not to ſtand himſelf in need of that aſſiſtance he endeavoured to give his dying daughter.

Let ſtoicks enjoy their frigid inſenſibility, and philoſophers boaſt the command of paſſions they never felt; but where is the heart endued with NATURAL TENDERNESS, that could have refrained ſympathizing with Miſs Beaumont in her feelings for her friend?—Courtenay's could not. His admiration of her amiable diſ-

poſition, which was ſo feelingly diſplayed on this melancholy occaſion, led him by degrees to a more tender ſentiment, which he had ſome reaſon to think did not remain long unnoticed by the lovely Sophia.

It was an union that Miſs Stuart ardently wiſhed; and the deep bluſhes which had once overſpread Miſs Beaumont's face on hearing his name inadvertently mentioned, confirmed her in the opinion ſhe had formed of their mutual attachment. I have already ſaid that Mr. Courtenay poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed a conſiderable fortune in Ireland; but his generous ſoul diſdained the idea of hoarding money, and it was not unuſual for him to exceed the bounds of his income by deeds of charity and benevolence. He was at this time about fifty years of age; and had rambled ſufficiently about the world, to wiſh to be at length quietly ſettled in it. He had partly determined on going to Ireland for that purpoſe, when he ſaw Miſs Beaumont. His paſſion for Miſs Stuart had worn away in pro-

portion as his hopes of being united to her diminiſhed.

Miſs Stuart ſent for him one morning into her dreſſing-room; and taking from a drawer a miniature of herſelf that had been done in Italy (and which, contrary to her expectation, Glencairn had not aſked for at his departure), preſented it to him. She requeſted that he would give it to Miſs Beaumont; adding, that ſhe was greatly miſtaken in her conjectures if ſhe did not receive it with

with additional ſatisfaction from his hands.

This ſpeech was too flattering to the wiſhes of Mr. Courtenay, to be miſunderſtood by him. His next care, after giving the picture as deſired, was to open his mind to Colonel Stuart, and to repeat to him what had paſſed. The young ladies had already come to an explanation on the ſubject; and before evening it was reſolved on, with the hearty concurrence of all parties, that Mr.

Courtenay ſhould receive the hand of Sophia.

In leſs than three weeks he had made an honourable ſettlement on his fair intended; and ſoon after, the marriage was ſolemnized. Miſs Stuart inſiſted on being preſent at the ceremony, but fainted before it was over, and was with difficulty conveyed from the church to her chamber. Her heart rejoiced at the happineſs of her friend; but it brought ſad recollections to her mind, and

was

was near ſubduing the little ſtrength that was left her. Mr. Courtenay hired a ſmall houſe that was fortunately vacant in the neighbourhood of Allanbank, as they were determined not to leave Miſs Stuart till the curtain of death had been gently drawn over the laſt ſcene of her exiſtence.

They had been ſettled there about ten months, and Mrs. Courtenay's ſituation was ſuch as to require every precaution and care that a fond huſband, and anxious friends, could be-

ſtow on it, when it unfortunately happened that ſhe was one evening ſitting with Miſs Stuart in her apartment, and the London newſpapers arrived. Mrs. Courtenay opened them, and began to read; but had not proceeded far, when ſhe ſaw the words Melville Caſtle. Eager to ſatisfy her own impatience, and that of her unhappy friend, ſhe began to go through the paragraph; but ſtopped in the middle of it, gave a loud ſcream, and fell in hyſterics on the floor. Her cries ſoon brought the ſervants up ſtairs, who were followed by

by the Colonel and Mr. Courtenay. The fatal myſtery was inſtantly revealed; the alarming paragraph ſtated that the Melville Caſtle was arrived ſafe at Madras; but that a boat belonging to her had ſunk at the entrance of the harbour, and that all the perſons on board had unfortunately periſhed.

Miſs Stuart diſplayed the moſt heroic fortitude on this occaſion; her fears for her friend ſuperſeded every ſelfiſh pang, and ſhe ſeemed to ſoar above mortality. She ſhed no tears,

but ſweetly ſmiled as Mrs. Courtenay recovered, and even endeavoured to perſuade them that ſhe had a preſentiment of Glencairn's not being of the number of thoſe unhappy paſſengers. A premature delivery, and the death of her child, were the only ill conſequences that befel Mrs. Courtenay; and which, by detaining her at Allanbank, was not unaccompanied by conſolation to Miſs Stuart, who was too ill to viſit at her houſe, and derived her greateſt comfort on attending her, in a room adjoining to her own. Mrs. Courtenay

tenay ſoon recovered; but it was to witneſs a ſcene which, though ſhe had long expected, ſhe was ill prepared for. Miſs Stuart found herſelf one day ſo much better, that ſhe requeſted they would all indulge her by dining in her room. She had dreſſed herſelf to receive, as ſhe ſaid, her viſitors, with unuſual care. When dinner was over, ſhe deſired Mr. Courtenay to lead her to the piano-forte; when faintly touching the diſcordant ſtrings, ſhe endeavoured to go through her favourite air,

I know that my Redeemer liveth,

which ſhe attempted to accompany with her voice; but her ſtrength failed in the attempt, and ſhe ſunk motionleſs on the chair. When ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe affectingly took a hand of her father's, and repeatedly preſſed it to her lips. She then for the firſt time acknowledged to them all, that ſhe was ſenſible of her approaching diſſolution. She begged the Colonel would comply with her requeſt, and, in caſe of Glencairn's returning to England, that he would make him his heir; ſaying, ſhe could not die in peace unleſs

leſs ſhe obtained the promiſe of that which lay neareſt to her heart. In half-broken ſentences he aſſured her of it, and bade her be comforted.

Towards evening ſhe begged of Mr. Courtenay to read prayers to her, and deſired that all the ſervants might be called up ſtairs to join in the pious ſcene. Soon after they were over, ſhe called Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay, and the Colonel, round her chair; and embraced the two former as ſhe prayed of God to bleſs them. But when her father drew near;

near; when ſhe felt his arms clinging round her waiſt, as if to ſhield her from the tyrant who was advancing with haſty ſteps to ſeparate them for ever, ſhe faintly articulated the word *farewell*; her head ſunk on his boſom, and with a deep and heavy ſigh *ſhe expired!*

It was ſome time before they could perſuade themſelves ſhe was dead; a faint glow tinged her cheek, and a ſweet ſmile was viſible on her countenance, from the moment the ſeparation of the ſoul and body had taken

taken place. They laid her gently on the bed, and applied a mirror to her lips. But the faithful monitor refuſed to deceive. Her breath was fled; and her ſoul, already towering beyond the confines of mortality, was reaping the reward of innocence and virtue.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

MRS. Courtenay reſigned to her huſband the melancholy office of conſoling the afflicted Colonel, who vainly endeavoured to reconcile himſelf to the ſad ſeparation. He however derived comfort from the idea that it could not be of long duration, for he felt that he ſhould not long ſurvive his Mary. He took a mournful pleaſure in decorating her ſenſeleſs corſe with ſuch flowers as his humble green-houſe could ſupply.

He watched the ſad proceſſion as it moved from the houſe; at the head of it, was the faithful M'Kenzie, bending her palſied frame towards the earth in ſpeechleſs woe. Mr. Courtenay ſupported her; nor did his manly countenance loſe ſight of its dignity while overſpread with the tears of affection and ſympathy. Eight young Highland girls bore the precious burden to its deſtined home; and the ſolemn ſcene was conducted with that ſilent awe which intermingles itſelf with pious reſignation to the inſcrutable will of Heaven.

The

The ceremony over, the mourners returned; and by degrees, Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay left Colonel Stuart's houſe to inhabit once more their own. Yet they continued as one family, and omitted nothing that could tend towards alleviating the diſtreſſes of their venerable friend. But this care was not long allotted them. In a few weeks, Colonel Stuart entreated them to give up their houſe, and to take poſſeſſion of Allan-bank; conſidering it as their depoſit till, by the unavoidable arrangement of his affairs, it might hereafter become

come neceſſary, through Glencairn's return, for them to relinquiſh it.

He ſoon after made his will, and diſpoſed of every thing as his daughter had directed; allotting only ſome trifling legacies to Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay; a ſmall but ſufficient annuity to Mrs. M'Kenzie; and remembrances to his other domeſtics in proportion to their age and ſervices. He farther ſtipulated, that in caſe of Glencairn's death without iſſue, his whole property was to devolve to Mrs. Courtenay, and

and HER heirs for ever. The buſineſs of life being finally ſettled, the excellent Colonel Stuart reſigned his breath, while glorifying his Redeemer that had heard his prayer, and was going to reſtore him to his Mary.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay remained in quiet poſſeſſion of Allanbank. Exemplary patterns of domeſtic felicity, they had already paſſed three years there; during which Heaven bleſſed them with two children; nor did they know a day's ſeparation, till Mr. Courtenay went to Ireland for

for ſix weeks, on buſineſs relative to his own affairs. His amiable Sophia refuſed all ſociety but that of her children and the worthy M'Kenzie; who being now too old to interfere in houſehold management, was become her conſtant companion. They could not hear of Glencairn, though they had uſed every endeavour to know his fate, on the return of the Melville Caſtle. All they could diſcover, was, that he was not of the number of the drowned paſſengers in the boat. They had landed him at Madras; and from their not having

ing received any tidings of him ſince, they concluded that he was either removed to ſome more diſtant part of India, or died ſoon after his arrival there. But they did not appropriate any part of his intended fortune to their own uſe; they ſtudiouſly endeavoured to accumulate, and enjoyed the pleaſing, diſintereſted hope, that ſtill exiſted, of his return to the full enjoyment of it.

Let us now revert to the ill-treated Lady Jane Martindale; who, hurried progreſſively from one falſe ſtep

to another, found many Lord Darnleys, but few friends. Old Martindale frequently viſited her; but, ſhocking to relate! ſoon convinced her, by his propoſals, of the depravity of his mind. He told her that her future fortune was in his hands, and that he would provide for, or forſake her, according to her treatment of him. He queſtioned her as to the ſtate of her preſent finances; and on finding that her thoughtleſs extravagance had reduced them to the loweſt ebb, he threw a fifty pound note on the table, and endeavoured

voured to extort from horror and fear, a ſacrifice that in a generous breaſt muſt be ever ſacred to love alone.

Fallen as ſhe already was in her own eſteem, and in that of others, ſhe yet could not hear a ſentiment ſo degrading to humanity, without feeling a mixture of terror and ſurpriſe. Though reduced to the laſt exigences, ſhe would fain have returned the note to its deſpicable owner: but he inſiſted on leaving it; and, ſhewing evident ſymptoms

of

of diſappointment and confuſion, ſoon after took his leave.

Lady Jane gave herſelf up a prey to inward deſpair, and outward diſſipation. While the tears roſe in crimſon torrents from her heart, ſhe wildly decorated her perſon with the inſignias of joy; and ſought a tranſitory relief in falſe pleaſures, while ſhe continued to be a ſtranger to every real one. The doors that ſheltered virtue, were cloſely barred againſt her approach; thoſe of vice, only, ſtood open to receive her. In

every new lover, ſhe ſought a friend; in every new lover, ſhe gained an enemy. She had heard of Miſs Stuart's death, but to Glencairn's fate ſhe was wholly indifferent. Several weeks elapſed without her hearing any thing more of old Mr. Martindale; and ſo invincible was her preſent averſion to him, that although from motives of prudence ſhe was with-held from publicly expoſing him, ſhe rejoiced at her deliverance from the ſight of ſo unworthy, ſo unprincipled a relation.

She

She was one day waited on by an elderly gentleman, whoſe appearance prejudiced her warmly in his favour. He ſpoke the language of pity, and of friendly advice; ſounds to which ſhe had been long unaccuſtomed. After the neceſſary introduction, he informed her that Mr. Martindale, ſenior died ſuddenly two days before, in an apoplectic fit, and that his will had been that morning read. A codicil was found to have been lately added to it, by which he ratified to Lady Jane the enjoyment of the two thouſand pounds per annum,

in caſe of her ſurviving her huſband; but that he had not bequeathed her, for temporal ſupplies, any legacy whatever.

Lady Jane cared ſo little about worldly concerns, that ſhe heard of this diſappointment without the leaſt diſcompoſure. Her mind had now yielded to that ſtate of hurried perplexity, that did not allow her time to reflect on all the miſeries attending her hapleſs ſituation. She had taken an elegant houſe in town; and its expences were unceaſingly defrayed

by the divers ſucceſſors to her attention. All intercourſe between her and the little Louiſa Darnley had been long ſince prohibited by the unfeeling lord; who, callous to miſfortunes of which he had been a principal author, now wantonly regarded her, wherever he met her, with the piercing look of ineffable contempt. The affection ſhe once bore him was totally obliterated; and ſhe could meet him and Miſs Fielding together, which was not unuſual, beholding them with the ſame degree of contempt which they did not

fail manifeſting towards her upon every occaſion.

A black coach, and all the outward trappings of woe, were the tokens by which ſhe ſoon deſcried Mrs. Martindale; who daily paraded the Park and Bond-ſtreet with all the ſolemnity of DECENT widowhood. To this was oppoſed the gaudy equipage of Lady Darnley, late Miſs Fielding; but this did not excite in the breaſt of Lady Jane, one ſenſation of ſorrow, envy, or ſurpriſe. Her feelings were however powerfully

fully affected by a premeditated inſult ſhe received from Lady Darnley, a few days after her marriage; who having ſtopped her carriage one morning at a ſhop in Bond Street, was ſpeaking to one of the people at the coach door, when Lady Jane paſſed by. Miſs Darnley was with her, and eagerly called to Lady Jane; when Lady Darnley ſuddenly drew the ſpring blind, to prevent her enjoying the ſlender ſatisfaction of even looking at her.

CHAP. XV.

MRS. Martindale did not long remain a widow. Ere the long twelvemonth was expired, during which it was neceſſary for her to ſubmit to the doleful attire, and to put up with a corner of one of her drawing-room windows being darkened by a hatchment, ſhe made a promiſe that when once the happy period arrived, ſhe would beſtow her hand on a more ſuitable lover than ſhe had found in her old man. Captain O'Trigger, whoſe

whoſe commiſſion centered in a daſhing cockade, had paraded his ponies about the city of Bath during ſeveral ſeaſons. But, though the gaming tables were in general propitious to him, the choſen ſocieties were not ſo. The miſſes all vowed, that Captain O'Trigger was the fineſt fellow in Bath; but the mammas and guardians gave him ſo little encouragement, that the Captain at length thought it beſt to beat a precipitate retreat, and try his ſucceſs in London. He was a fine, tall, handſome looking man; neat, but prepoſterous in

his dreſs, and fond to a degree of his perſon. No man knew better than himſelf the names of all the different eſſences and pomatums imported from India and France. From the powerful otto of roſes, down to the more reviving, but more humble lavender water, his dreſſing-room was the repoſitory of them all; which, together with his ponies, a few fans from Italy, and ſome pots of rouge warranted vegetable (the two latter articles he reſerved for the happy fair on whom he might hereafter fix his choice), compoſed the whole ſtock

in trade of this FASHIONABLE MILITARY HERO.

Captain O'Trigger, whoſe modeſty was not in the habit of laying any embargo on his inclinations, no ſooner beheld our young widow, and was informed who ſhe was, than he determined to lay cloſe ſiege to her; and as an advantageous marriage was the firſt grand object of his purſuit, he was reſolved to transform his character into exactly any one that he might find on farther enquiry would

be moſt likely to determine her in his favour.

He began to try the whole battery of his artillery againſt the vain Mrs. Martindale; firſt, by the aid of a ſmall glaſs, ſuſpended to a black ribbon, and dangling from his neck, with which he aſſailed her wherever ſhe went; while the expreſſion of *a damned fine woman!* was uttered JUST loud enough to catch her ear. At firſt ſhe thought his accents ſavoured rather too much of the brogue; but

but at length cuſtom reconciled her to him, and ſhe hazarded not ere long to avow a diſtinguiſhed preference to Captain O'Trigger over the reſt of his competitors.

He ſoon became the acknowledged intended of the beautiful widow; not that ſhe cared for him in her heart, but her vanity was gratified at the idea of mortifying her rivals, whom her opinion had magnified into a much greater number than even Captain O'Trigger himſelf could lay reaſonably any claim to.

The

The laſt few weeks of Mrs. Martindale's funereal appearance were dedicated to preparations for her approaching nuptials; on the ſtrength of which, her favourite Captain was enabled to cut a much greater figure than before. A ſumptuous vis-à-vis was building at Hatchett's, by HIS expreſs order; and in which his taſte ſhone conſpicuous. She was perfectly convinced of the ſincere attachment of this *Knight of Induſtry*, and in giving him her hand, beſtowed on him alſo her OWN houſe in Devonſhire-Place; and every appendage

of

luxury ſhe parted with in his favour, with as little difficulty as ſhe herſelf had formerly obtained them.

For ſome months the torch of hymen blazed with unremitting ardour; but the inſtability of human happineſs ſoon overpowered, and at length wholly extinguiſhed it. Mrs. Martindale (now Mrs. O'Trigger) was fatally convinced that ſhe was the dupe of a deſigning fortune-hunter; for ſuch in reality was her choſen mate.

It would be needleſs to detail the many

many occurrences which led to the ſad reverſe of fortune ſhe was henceforward fated to undergo. Her huſband's extravagance manifeſted itſelf at the gaming-tables, and elſewhere. Her money ſheltered him from a gaol, but its ſource was not inexhauſtible; and ſhe had no ſooner deprived herſelf of every future comfort, for his preſervation, than he left her to lament her error in obſcurity and poverty. Captain O'-Trigger, after ſelling her houſe and all ſhe was poſſeſt of, at length wholly deſerted her; and the only account

ſhe

ſhe ever after received of him was that of his having returned to a former wife in Ireland, with whom he had fled to ſome diſtant clime, far beyond the reach of law, juſtice, honour, or humanity.

Lady Jane Martindale continued for a time to run the giddy round of thoughtleſs diſſipation; but her heart, that had ever unwillingly yielded to its dictates, was ſoon tired of its tranſient gratifications, and ſighed after the humble ſcenes of peaceful retirement. But theſe, alas!

were

were no longer within the boundary of her own acquiſition. She had no friend to ſupport her tottering ſteps; no ſoothing hand was ſtretched forth to yield her comfort; no conſolatory parental voice remained to welcome her out of the path of vice. She was, as it were, left alone in the vaſt univerſe; the ſmall ſalary allotted her by Mr. Martindale ſhe duly received; and hitherto temporary additions to it from her acquaintance had not failed her; but ſhe knew theſe could not laſt long, and ſhe had acquired experience enough to

teach

teach her that they would exiſt no longer than ſhe was inclined to ſacrifice her happineſs to the enjoyment of them.

In this ſituation, ſhe had already continued ſome years, anxious to exchange it, yet not poſſeſſing reſolution enough to effect it, when ſhe was one morning ſurpriſed by the appearance of Glencairn. He was ſo much altered in perſon, that ſhe had at firſt ſome difficulty to recollect him; but his heart was the ſame. He had already been in Scotland,

land, where he had taken poſſeſſion of Colonel Stuart's eſtate; ſtill inſiſting, that Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay ſhould not quit Allanbank. His voyage to India, had not been proſperous. Mr. Stuart's affairs were, when he arrived there, in ſo deranged a ſituation, that, at his death, which happened ſoon afterwards, they were found to be little worth the trouble that had been taken on their account; and he was at length obliged to abandon them, after having obtained but a very ſlender advantage in favour of his friend and patron.

But

But the reſidue of Colonel Stuart's fortune was yet more than ſufficient to anſwer any purpoſe of his own. He had liberality of ſentiment ſufficient to make every allowance in favour of Lady Jane Martindale's miſtaken conduct; and while he could yet entertain the hope of making HER happy, the praiſe, or the cenſure of an ill-judging world were to him equally indifferent.

He prevailed on her to accompany him to Edinburgh, where ſhe ſoon convinced him that the genuine uprightneſs

rightneſs of her heart had remained uncontaminated by *faſhionable levity*. Nor was ſhe long there, before, by her admiſſion into a reſpectable family, and the delicate caution obſerved by Glencairn in his viſits to her, ſhe gained that countenance and reſpect which had been wrenched from her in England by the iron hand of cruelty, injuſtice, and oppreſſion. Not a year had paſſed after this happy tranſition, before the death of Mr. Martindale, by liberating her from the moſt ſacred, and moſt abuſed of engagements, enabled

her

her to beſtow her hand, and large increaſe of fortune, on him who had ſo nobly deſerved them. The amiable Mrs. Courtenay ſhone forth on this occaſion the bright repreſentative of SPOTLESS virtue. She knew how to pity thoſe errors ſhe had never known; and thoſe temptations which, as ſhe ſweetly ſaid, ſhe might not have been able to have withſtood, had fate dealt by her with the ſame ſeverity it had done towards Lady Jane Martindale. The pomp of widowhood would have been but ill diſplayed by that hither-

to unfortunate lady. She neither affected the weeds of ſorrow, nor the trophies of joy; but with all the decorum due to herſelf, and to thoſe with whom ſhe was now ſo happily connected, ſhe ſurrendered, as ſoon as decency would permit, the name of *Martindale*, and became entitled to the more happy one of *Glencairn*.

In a ſhort time Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay inſiſted on putting them into poſſeſſion of Allanbank, and themſelves retired to their eſtate in Ireland. Glencairn gloried in the

ſucceſs

ſucceſs of his unſhaken fidelity. Lady Jane proved herſelf the woman of honour and gratitude, by the conſtant rectitude and unremitting care of her conduct; nor was Glencairn leſs remarkable as a huſband, than he had hitherto been from his ſteady attachment as a lover, to the *object of his firſt choice.*

Mrs. O'Trigger plunged into exceſſes of wanton depravity; and a refuſal of Lady Jane's propoſal to receive and protect her at Allanbank, was the only inſtance of de-

nial ſhe experienced from her indulgent huſband. His acquieſcence to pecuniary offers was not however with-held from her, while any hope remained of her deſerving ſuch an act of kindneſs; but her life was at length wholly abſorbed by drunkenneſs and debauchery; and the premature end of it was well calculated to afford a ſtriking example to A BAD HEART!

Nothing was wanting to augment the felicity of Glencairn, but an increaſe of his family; and even that

was almoſt compenſated by the recollection that Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay were his heirs.

We will now take leave of Lady Jane Glencairn, and her happy huſband. Conſtant patterns of connubial happineſs, their lives were ſpent in the exerciſe of every ſocial virtue; and Lady Jane proved the happy *Contraſt* between *unavoidable error* and *premeditated vice*.

THE END.

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